

river a mile and a half wide. "Captain let us jump out and swim for it, the snorting of the horses will betray us," said Rose nervously grasping my arm; the lights from the nearing steamer shone full on his hard, pale face, and I forgot my own fears while looking on his terror-expressed countenance. "No," I said, "if we loose the horses they will break for the light, and result in certain discovery; our only chance is to make for the shadow of the bank." "As you say," he replied.—We neared the shadow, when suddenly my heart seemed to stop beating, for the steamer whistled and bore toward us. Nearer and nearer she came. I felt we were discovered, for I could see the sailors crowding on the decks, and every moment I expected a shower of grape would send our frail boat and its occupants into eternity. But as I was shutting my eyes to the scene of sinking, I heard the boat scraping on the shallow bank. I directed one of the rowers to sound, when I found the head of the boat was in shallow water. I led my horse up to the side, and throwing on my saddle I started for shore, distant about one hundred yards. I was followed by my comrades, Rose wading through the water with his ponderous mail bags, while one of the black men led his horse. After reaching shore we watched the action of the steamer; she was backing water, and men were hurrying along the decks, but after a few minutes she resumed her journey, little knowing what a prize she missed. After resting for a half an hour, Rose proposed that we should ride on six miles farther, where we might spend the balance of the night and be free from danger; to this I readily agreed. Followed by Richardson and Gaines we plunged into the woods, Rose laughing heartily at his narrow escape, and adding, "that's closer to the Yankees than I want to get while I carry so much money and information as those bags contain." He told me that "there was another crossing at Waterproof, which I would find on my return in case the one at St. Joseph's was discovered." I was very grateful, and after getting about three miles from the river, I remarked to Mr. Rose that "the Yankees were not so bad as he imagined, for I believed if he should happen to be taken prisoner they would use him well." "I never want to try it," he replied doggedly. "Well sir," I said in a firm tone, at the same time placing my pistol to his head, "you must try it! I am a Yankee! These are my men, and you are my prisoner!" Had the Heavens opened, he could not have been more astonished. My men were at his side, one holding his horse and the other presenting his pistol. A volley of the most terrible oaths and savage imprecations greeted us. Rose attempted to obtain his pistol, but the powerful arm of Gaines drew him to the ground, where we found it necessary to gag him, for fear his voice might attract attention from the lurking guerillas. We started immediately for Vicksburg, and reached there in safety with our prisoner and prize. I reported to General McPherson, (peace to his ashes,) and heard his words of praise; on going to camp I found Richardson and Gaines lying on the grass, the former in the act of lighting his pipe with a twenty dollar Confederate bill. "Say Cap," shouted Gaines, "don't it take us *shovelry* to come the dodge on them there chivalry?" I went to my tent satisfied that I had once again done my duty in defence of my country's flag.

[TO THE READER.—The above is no production of fiction; it is true, even to the names, and locations, as any person can ascertain by obtaining my address from the Editor, and writing me on the subject.—A SCOUT.]

CAREFUL WIFE.—"Don't, Charles, go to Boston with that hole in the elbow of your shirt." Husband—"Why not, my dear?" Careful wife—"Because if the cars should run off the track and you should get killed, people would think me a very negligent wife." Husband, buttoning his coat—"Ahem! yes, I dare say they would."

A Dutchman, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter word, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Houty said: "Dey must have very hot wedder dere in New York. I reads an account of a meeting where all de peoples had melted away."

THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1864.

Piscatory.

Now, while the days are sultry, and Sirius is in the Sun's wake, the frog pants in the channel of the brook, and the cattle turn great pitiful eyes from side to side of the dusty highways, for a fresh spring, or a babbling brook,—the brown leaves are curled, and the parched grass attests the presence of drought, and battles on every side, wax fiercer and fiercer, there is one being who seems to be exempt from all these ills; one person to be envied, and he is the fisherman; not the one who sits on the rock all day, with, or without an umbrella, baiting his hook for small nibblers, catching his own ears, and getting his line into knots; but the one who bounds out into the bay in a boat, amid breakers, billows and white-caps, and with the essential patience of a true fisherman, waits through unsuccessful days, for the one, which brings the harvest. He will manage by-and-by, with a knowing look, and a quiet smile, to cast his net into the choicest pasturage, out-wit the "scaly people," go home in the evening breeze with a "big load," sharp appetite, quiet temper, and an enviable tendency towards sleep. Sometimes he varies the sport, and goes crabbing. Izaak Walton might have disdained this employment, since the art demands no nicety of skill, and the crab is associated with nothing more poetical than a good supper. Perhaps his capture should not be dignified by description, although he is in request by epicures. He is a spiteful customer, pulls long and steadily, and is very reluctant to let go his hold. When he finds himself on land, he exhibits remarkable locomotion and instinct, making for his native element as fast as his side-wheels can carry him, manifesting a temper "all the while" far from amiable. The beauty of this sport is, that everybody who can see, can catch crabs; it is not a gift, like fishing; there is no chance for disappointment, no need of forlorn empty baskets, no waste of time for reverie; if the crabs are there, you can be sure of them. To dissect the crab, is the next best thing to eating him, especially the soft ones, whose compartments are filled with delicious white morsels similar to, but far more delicate than the lobster, which is esteemed such a luxury in our northern cities. We can only affirm, if we were going to retrench our luxuries, we should hold on to the crab, with the same tenacity he seems inclined to hold on to us, and we would recommend to all persons of a pugnacious disposition, to cultivate crabbing, instead of skirting meadows and pleasant fields for trout. According to the old poet, it hath its compensations.

"I have no roast,
But a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid on the fire;
Much meat, I not desire." ††

Conundrums.

WHAT is the difference between Nebuchadnezzar, and a soldier in this Hospital? One was kept on grass, and the other is kept off of it.

WHY is the hot weather supposed to be conducive to patriotism? Because, everybody is ready for a draught.

WHY is this Hospital like our National Capitol? It holds its long Sessions.

WHAT fruit does a newly-married couple resemble most? A green pear.

WHY is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a-dore.

WHY is an accepted suitor like a person guilty of a crime? He ought to be transported.

WHEN people are crazy to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.

WHY is love like a pun? Because it is a *not* (Amo.)

WHAT miss will ruin any man? *Mismanagement.

THE chap who plucked the feathers from the wing of a house, has recently converted his hat into a brick-yard.

For the Crutch.

An Inquiry.

DEAR CRUTCH:—"I take my pen in hand," to ask you for a bit of information. I have a desire to know somewhat of an article occasionally mentioned in your Weekly Review, but which so far as I have yet been able to ascertain, lives *only* there. Sundry hints are thrown out by the "Weekly," in regard to the popularity of the HAVERSACK, and prophecies have been hazarded, contingent upon this emergency. Now a Haversack is universally popular with the soldiers, when well filled—as you Mr. CRUTCH, are well aware; but in order to make itself popular, it is quite necessary that it should make itself known. Now please inform me how, and where, an inquiring individual can see and admire the HAVERSACK? Has the article in question a "local habitation," as well as "a name?" or is it a myth—a creation of fancy? Is it a vision born of the wild imagination of the CRUTCH, or a thing tangible and real? Is the HAVERSACK destined to live only in the sanction and smile of the CRUTCH? Glory enough, one might suppose, for a thing of ordinary ambition, and moderate desires! But where, and what is the HAVERSACK? I beg you to give me the desired information, in your next issue—or address privately,

AN INTERESTED INQUIRER,
Box 2359, P. O.—Annapolis, Md.

THAT eccentric creature, DAVID CROCKETT, used to mention an old affair which happened at "Natchez-under-the-Hill," a sort of "Five-Points" in the "lower regions" of that flourishing town. A steam-boat stopped at the landing, and one of the hands went ashore under the hill to purchase provisions, and the thieves and "experts" in that "Scoundrel's Retreat" managed to rob him of every cent of his money. The captain of the boat, a most determined man, and full of the wild courage of the Southwest, went ashore and tried to persuade the thieves to return the money they had stolen from a poor hard-working laboring man. But he might as well have talked to the winds.

But he "fetched them at last," said Crockett's informant; "for, assisted by his crew and some three or four hundred passengers, he made fast an immense cable to the frame tenement where the theft had been perpetrated, and then sung out:

"I allow you just fifteen minutes to have that money forthcoming! If at the end of that time it isn't handed over, I'll put steam to the boat and drag your house into the river!"

"The money was "handed over" quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson." They *know* the captain, and that he would *do* what he *said* he would *do*."

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant, "Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church."

"Yes, sir," replied Jackson; "it is indeed a blessed day: I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church on Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothin'!"

"Sam," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between your body and your soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders and arms; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "O, I know," said Sam, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

A Woman in humble life was asked one day, on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon!

"Would I have the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer.

The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her. She had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.